

1901

VOLUME I.

NUMBER 9.

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JUNE

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THE HETUCK.

VOL. I.

NEWARK, OHIO, JUNE, 1901.

No. 9



CATHERINE OF VALOIS



The sad old French king, Charles VI., was mad again, and in seclusion in one of his woodland palaces. Still clothed in purple and fine linen, he fared sumptuously each day, and never wanted attendants, although the strife between the dukes and regency continued unabated. Most faithful of all to this weak king was his daughter Kate, known in history as Catherine of Valois, who had shared her father's seclusion that she might amuse him and help him to while the dreary hours away. In her picture she is drawn as wearing bands of chestnut hair around her small head, from whose broad braids unruly tresses are forever escaping into curls caught and snarled again among the strings of pearls; eyes of yellow-hazel seem to laugh at you, while the white lids lift brown lashes almost to the arch of her well-defined brow. She has straight, small French features with rather broad mouth, small ivory teeth, an upturned chin, with a deeply cleft dimple matching those in her rosy, oval cheeks.

The park of their present residence is poorly trimmed and the foresters have all deserted their cottages for finer abodes. This gives Kate and her pretty attendant, Rose, greater freedom in wandering about. This freedom also attracted two youths, Lord Guilford de Vere and the Welsh knight, Owen Tudor, to occupy one of the cottages unasked. The former was remarkable for nothing but his rank and his long lineage, while Tudor was remarkable for everything but that. His memory was stored with historic lays attesting the valor of his ancestors, and he had been trained in all the manly exploits of the time, and had no rival in field or flood. Rather tall and sinewy, this slender athlete possessed extraordinary beauty of countenance, and the black locks, flashing eyes and white teeth, were as beautiful as a woman's.

It is not to be supposed that the maids and youths never crossed each others paths, and that the beauty

of the princess did not attract the boys' attention. Guilford soon let his admiration cool when he discovered her rank, and rested his affections on Rose, but Tudor clung on, saying nothing and scarcely thinking of her.

The princess had often met the delicate languor of Guilford in her father's court; but the energetic, fiery motions of Tudor presented a new phase of life for her to study.

The king was growing decidedly better, and was walking one afternoon with Rose, a physician, and Kate, when he expressed a wish that his daughter gather some flowers nearby and return home laden with them, like a flower girl of Italy.

To comply with his request, she climbed down a steep precipice trusting to a friendly bush to stop her. The bush proved very deceiving, and let her slip past it thus endangering her life; but a briar caught her dress and stopped her descent. She now became alarmed and breathed her fears aloud. "The stem will break in a minute," but the minute did not end before Owen Tudor sprang to her side and placed her beside the stream in which she had so nearly fallen.

Her first impulse was to humbly thank her deliverer, her next to offer him what he asked; but at last she decided to do nothing, and this resolve prevailed. Tudor seemed to read her thoughts, for he said: "Pardon lady, but perchance we are both better acquainted than the other dreams of."

"And monsieur knows then," said she with merriment in her eyes, "that I know his haunts and have often heard the thoughts he uttered, although I do not know his name."

"My name is Owen Tudor, and I am a knight of Wales."

The knowledge of the great disparity in their positions put a check on her glowing thoughts, but with smiling countenance she answered:

"But the Tudors are descended from kings."

"We believe so, madame."

"Then we are not so unequal as it would seem?"

"Quite as much so," was the response to this singular question.

"Would it have cost you so much to accept a rank that I was willing to accord?" she asked winningly.

"Since it was not mine I should have been far less a free man," he returned.

"I understand," she said with a falling inflection, knowing well the sweetness of her voice; "but because an arbitrary fate, by no virtue of my own, has made me what I am, there is no inequality in a friendship which I must always owe to one who has saved my life."

Sir Owen steeled himself against her witchery and replied:

"Lady, Tudor can never aspire to anything but thy knight. Give me thy scarf that I may battle in thy name forever." And as was the custom he sank on one knee at her feet.

"There is nothing to which a Tudor may not aspire. But indeed be my knight, brave youth, till—"

She stopped confused and blushing, and taking his dagger severed a chestnut curl and gave it with the scarf. Then, promising to meet the next day, they parted, each recognizing the utter impossibility of closer relationship, yet each living, loving, enjoying the present.

"Has the lady smiled on thee?" asked Guilford as he entered the cottage. "Well, just so she smiled on me," he continued with a yawn.

Sir Owen's eyes flashed, but the subject of Guilford's remarks was, in reality, Rose.

Many times Kate and Owen, Rose and de Vere stroll in the soft moonlight, but their sentiments toward each other had not been exchanged. One night however, after a quiet talk, Kate returned to her cottage with a plain gold circlet on her finger. Suffice it to say, the little wooing was done mostly by the princess, although Sir Owen was not at all unwilling.

After allowing him several months of pleasure she began playing off her charms on Guilford, hoping by this method to rivet faster his chains. At first Sir Owen refused to believe his eyes, then sought a hundred excuses for her conduct, and finally, heaped vehement reproaches upon her. Kate did not submit to such treatment, and growing angry threw his ring at his feet, and he saw her no more.

Queen Isabel came to the country that day and

took her daughter away with her. The English had taken Harfleur and had vowed to seize Kate for the wife of their king.

One night a herald called the two youths and told them that the king wanted them, and that he counted on Sir Owen to win the battle.

Sir Owen responded to the call and was soon with his men.

Kate was warned that, if the English were victorious she was to be the price of peace, and half in pique at her lover, half in caprice, she consented.

Day after day the hostile armies marched up the opposite river side, and at last, the English, crossing, had forced the French to retreat to a village some miles distant. Thirty deep, and a line long as the eye could reach, swelled the crescent at sunrise, making the small band of French look like a mere handful. For a few moments the two armies stood regarding each other; then three dukes from the French line rode forth and haughtily demanded surrender.

"Back, for your lives, gentlemen!" returned King Henry, and with a thundering "Charge!" the archers sprang forward.

"Well done, Sir Owen!" cried Henry as the Welsh knight cleared a square of twenty gaily caparisoned foes around him. "Had I a dozen like this, the battle were mine."

Sir Owen looked at the man for whom he was gaining a bride, and that bride almost his own, and with a shout of "On! On!" rushed into the center of the French. A thousand arms encircled him, and all was dark. He fell on the field of Azincourt, but Henry V. won and Kate became his bride.

Guilford brought Rose to the court as his bride.

If Kate felt any repentance for her decision she did not show it in public.

One day at Westminster, they were hanging trophies gained in the recent strife, when Kate saw a familiar banner.

"Who captured that?" she inquired of the king.

"Is it thy fingerwork, Kate?" he rejoined. "It was taken by poor Tudor, the bravest knight in Wales, and for that matter, in England itself. If he had lived he should have had an earldom given him by you."

"And where is he now?"

"I saw him fall on the field of Azincourt."

Others drew near, and the queen turned aside, and through a low arch entered a chapel alone. A great

weight seemed to be crushing her, and when, after a while, her husband entered he found her fainted on the floor. Sir Owen was amply revenged.

The next month Henry V. died, and was buried among the kings in Westminster.

But while these things were transpiring, a youth was recovering from a ten months' illness, in the cottage of a forester.

Time went by and this youth had regained the strength of manhood and we recognize in him the Welsh knight.

Time also went by for the widowed queen and she resolved to visit the birth place of Sir Owen. She had wandered some distance, when suddenly at the base of a rock she confronted a well known figure. She stepped forward, trembling in every nerve.

"Owen!"

The knight looked up. "Kate!"

"Thou wert not then slain at Azincourt?"

"Your majesty, I am here!" he returned, rising and bowing, while he laid a bitter stress on the first two words.

A moment she looked at him, then throwing pride to the winds, said:

"Forgive me! Forgive! O, Owen, can you never forget?"

The old embrace and the impassioned kiss were his only response.

The queen of England was her own mistress, and happier than ever the princess of France had been, was the ancestress of two dynasties, the baroness of Tudor.

—M. E. W., '02.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

She sat across the aisle from him. It was a perfect day in May. Time—Five minutes before a recitation. He fears she is angry and must know the awful state of affairs before leaving the room.

He tries to attract her attention, and gets the Prof.'s ———. The object of his attentions studies diligently on; nor does she turn a page or glance up; her eyes were on geology, but her heart was a good specimen. She wasn't studying and he knew it. Three minutes more left; would she look up? More attempts—more black marks. Recitation bell rings.

His last hope is gone—an idea strikes him—he will go into the laboratory and blow out his brains. He nearly beheads himself by hitting the door which he is trying to get through and look backwards at the same time.

Time—One month later. Another perfect day in

June. The same boy pouring over examination. Cause—Ten black marks. He goes to the window to refresh his heated brow and sees—the girl of his dreams riding with the boy of his nightmares.

Moral—Don't risk black marks by attempting to find out how a girl feels towards you, for it won't do you any good if you do know.

"OAKEN BUCKET."

Eighty-two years have passed away since "The Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Samuel G. Woodworth, but its universal popularity seems to increase with time. Year after year the good old song does its part in the pleasurable entertainment of social parties, for always will its wealth of tender sentiment appeal to the human heart. And yet how few there are who seem to be aware of the historic place which is commemorated in its line. The original well will be found in Greenbush, Mass., on the premises of Mr. Henry H. Northey.

The bucket in use at the time the poem was written is on exhibition no more. The original poles, however, which constituted the hoisting machinery, remain, and when the water is in its normal condition there is a bucket attached.

Woodworth wrote the poem in the city of New York, 1817. He was a poet of no mean order, and his poetical works have been compiled in two volumes by a relative. He shows the spirit of exalted patriotism and intense affection, combined with great nobility of character. His life has been mainly spent in literary pursuits, and during the war with Great Britain, in 1812, he edited "The War," in New York City.

Born in Scituate, Mass., in 1785, his boyhood days were spent there, but although he and his father very evidently resided at what is now the residence of Mr. Northey, they did not own the property. Mr. Northey's grandmother married the poet's father.

The circumstances under which woodworth wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket," are interesting. He was in New York at a hotel one extremely warm day, when an acquaintance, holding up a glass of beer, said: "I tell you, Woodworth, nothing can equal this on a hot day." "Oh, yes, there can," replied Woodworth. "What is it?" "Well, a drink from the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well at home." Mrs. Woodworth overhearing the conversation, said, "That would be a good subject for a poem." "So it would," he replied, and making a note of it, the poem was written, and immediately became popular. It is the true interpretation of life on a New England farm.

—C. D., '01.



The Story of Our Flag



The world is ruled by sentiment even in these matter of fact days. If this is not true, why should an American heart instinctively swell with pride at sight of the red, white and blue? Why should this particular piece of muslin or silk be a sacred thing that many thousands of men have fought and died for? Our national flag in addition to being a symbol inseparable from the history of our country, has an interesting story of its own.

Though we are the youngest of the great nations, our flag is older than that of any of the others. The flag of England, vaunted by an imaginative poet as "Having braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," dates from the formation of the United Kingdom in 1801.

The Continental Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777, decreed that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation.

A few days before the decision a committee, consisting of General Washington, Robert Morris and Colonel Ross, was appointed to consider the subject of a general standard for the troops of the colonies. They took a rough drawing of the proposed design to a Mrs. Ross, who kept a small upholstery store in Arch street. Mrs. Ross made a banner like the drawing, and it was this that Congress approved.

One detail of the flag perpetuates the memory of this Philadelphia seamstress, and her preference for French rather than English fashions. Have you ever noticed that the stars on our coins have six points, while those on our flag have only five. The adoption of the five points was not intended as a compliment to the country of Lafayette. Washington drew his stars with six points, but Mrs. Ross changed them to suit her own taste.

Americans fought under many other flags, before and after the adoption of the Stars and Stripes. The banners may be said to have varied according to the tastes of the various commanders.

At the battle of Bunker Hill there were many different designs. One is described as red, bearing only the defiant motto, "Come if you dare!" upon it. Another was blue with a white field crossed by a red St. George's cross, having in its upper left hand

corner a pine tree. John Trumbel, in his picture of this battle represents a red flag with a green pine tree on a white field.

The pine tree was a favorite symbol in New England. When Washington was besieging the British forces at Boston, his banner was white, with a pine tree and the words, "An Appeal to Heaven" upon it.

An equally prominent device was the rattlesnake; it first appeared in Benjamin Franklin's Philadelphia Gazette, in an article urging the colonies to unite, illustrated by the cut of a snake, divided into thirteen parts and the words, "Unite or die." In another place the words were "Don't tread on me."

A very famous flag of 1776 was the blue ensign of South Carolina, marked only by a white crescent in the upper left hand corner, and sometimes the word "Liberty" in large white letters. Under this fought the men who drove the British from Charlestown harbor. And it was with this flag that brave Sargeant Jasper sprang upon the earthworks to replace one that had been carried away a moment before by a cannon ball.

John Paul Jones and John Manly both claimed the honor of having first hoisted the American flag.

The adoption of the Stars and Stripes soon ended the earlier confusion; they were hoisted in Philadelphia and copied by the patriots everywhere, as soon as they heard of them. New York was the last American city where the starry banner made its appearance. The British claimed military possession of the town up to the hour of noon, but the Americans reached there at three o'clock. Early the next morning a certain boarding house keeper ran up the Stars and Stripes upon his house. The British provost marshal ordered them down. No notice was taken of the order, so the official undertook to remove the offensive emblem with his own hands. Before he could touch it however, the mistress of the house came to its defense with a broomstick, which she applied so vigorously that the officer retreated in much confusion and with a shower of powder from his wig.

At first the stars in the field were arranged in a circle, typical of the enduring quality of the Union. When Kentucky and Vermont claimed representation in the national banner, it was changed to fifteen

stripes and fifteen stars, arranged in three rows of five. Under this were fought the wars of 1812 and the naval war with France.

When Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana and Mississippi were admitted, it was recommended to add five more stripes and five more stars, but this evidently could not be carried much further. At this time Captain Reed suggested a way out of the difficulty; he urged that the stripes be reduced to thirteen, the number of the original states, but that the stars keep pace with the growing number of American commonwealths.

This was adopted as the permanent design of the flag, whose stars now typify, not thirteen struggling colonies, but nearly half a hundred sovereign states.

'Tis the star spangled banner,
Oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave. —W. J., '01.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Latin's but an empty dream!
For our lives are filled with effort
Finding out what Virgil means.
Latin's real, Latin's earnest,
And one hundred is its goal;
Thus thou art, to naught returnest
Is a story oft retold.
Much of sorrow, pleasure rarely
Is our destined end or way;
Study hard and flunk tomorrow
Is the ordinary way.
Lesson's long, time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like spondee's dull are beating
Goose egg marches to the sage.
Let the Latin language lead you,
Ere you've lost your ninety-nine,
From the mysteries of the grammar
To some dear old English shrine.
Trust no pony, however gentle—
He will balk, mind what I say!
And the wisdom that you boasted
Is but wisdom of today.
Atra signa all remind us
That our lamps must nightly burn,
Lest we find ourselves quite stranded
On the lessons never learned;
Lessons that perhaps another
Stored away in shady nook,
Fashioned with a musty pencil
On the margin of his book.
Let the smile gleam through the shadow,
'Tempus fugit," so they say,
And as true as dark and daylight
Latinus iens, is to stay. —E. E. G., '02.

DESCRIPTION.

About nine miles southeast of Newark, and probably a mile northeast of the village of Amsterdam, on the National road, is one of the two highest points in the state of Ohio; near Somerset is the other. When the last topographical survey of the state was made it was at first decided that the point near Amsterdam was the highest and there on a sandy knoll near a chestnut tree the flag was planted which could be seen from Columbus and many other cities, proclaiming it the highest point in the state.

A more careful survey, however, caused Somerset to claim the honor, and after repeated measurements it was finally decided that Somerset was slightly above the point near Amsterdam. Nearly a mile west of this point stands one of the finest mounds in the state. It is a cone, probably fifty feet high and flat on the top; the large trees growing on its sides and top indicate its great age. We all know how vain have been all efforts to decide who built the chain of mounds extending from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Old Fort, the fortifications at the state encampment grounds, and this mound undoubtedly belong to this chain. The subject of opening the mound to find what it contains has been discussed at different times, but to the reluctance of the people to have the mound destroyed, has no doubt prevented its being done.

Not more than a quarter of a mile south of this mounds runs the National road, that fifty years ago was the main thoroughfare from Cumberland, Md., to Terre Haute, Ind. The road was kept in fine condition by limestone which was hauled there in wagons and piled in long double ridges, probably two feet high, four or five feet wide and often eighty feet long, along the sides of the pike. Men called stone-breakers came with their cushions to sit on, and with goggles to protect their eyes from the tiny bits of limestone which were very injurious to the eyes. Week in and week out they pounded the hard limestone into bits about the size on an egg and carefully piled them in ridges ready to be shoveled into wagons and hauled where they were needed on the pike. This road does not run straight, but winds in and out like a great snake. When you stand on the top of this mound on a clear morning, you can follow the trail of the road with the naked eye beyond the village of Reynoldsburg, and almost to Columbus.

—D. E. D., '02.

THE HETUCK.

A Monthly Magazine, Published by the Seniors of the
High School, Newark, Ohio.

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EDITORIAL

The commencement number of The Hetuck is the ninth and last issue published by the class of 1901. We have striven not only for financial success but for a magazine that in years to come we may look back upon with pride. We leave it this year with regret, for there has been much pleasure in connection with the work upon it. We pass it over to the coming class with the earnest wish that it may continue to improve and prosper and that they may make it a great success.

The majority of the high school pupils regret very much the severing of Mr. Humes' connection with the high school. The Seniors congratulate themselves for having seen so much of so able and qualified a gentleman.

The Seniors attended the Baccalaureate Service at the Trinity Episcopal in a body Sunday, June 9th. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The service from beginning to end was most appropriate and beautiful. The sermon by the Rev. Nash was a most able and suitable one from which much good may be derived. It is hoped that all classes may have as enjoyable a Baccalaureate Sunday as the Newark Class of 1901.

The Seniors have at last decided upon a class motto. Of course this should have been done a long time ago, but in fact it was almost forgotten, and then a most appropriate(?) one was decided upon—"Hasten slowly." Now, this may be taken in numerous ways, but we hope that no one will think any slurs are being cast upon any member of the class. The field daisy was chosen as the class flower, as it has the class colors, and has always been used for decoration.

We wish to express our very hearty thanks to Prof. Humes for his many kindnesses throughout the year. Not only has the "Potpourri" added much to the value of each issue, but his large business experience has enabled us to avoid many shoals and rocks upon which our little bark might have been wrecked had he not been at the helm.

We wish to thank Mr. Lingafelter for so kindly lending us the cuts of the Old Fort used to illustrate the article "Antiquities of Licking County," by Prof. Donecker.

We regret that The Hetuck went to press before the many important events in the lives of Seniors took place. These are: Commencement, June 13, Baccalaureate Sunday, June 9, the Senior dance and reception, June 13, the Junior dance and reception, June 14, the Senior supper of June 10, the Seniors' trip to the reservoir on June 6, and Class Day June 11. All of these would have furnished excellent subjects to have written upon or for the local column.

Commencement Day comes all too soon to the Seniors who have been anticipating it with pleasure for years—for even the little tots look forward eagerly to the time when they will graduate. We can not but enjoy the merry times which accompany this auspicious occasion, the dances, receptions, picnics, class dinners, etc.—but yet with it all there is mingled a feeling of sadness that we can hardly explain.

“A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain;
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.”

We realize now that our school days—the happiest of our lives—are over, and that we now step forth into the world. We are no longer school children, but men and women, each seeking his or her own path in life. May that path be a bright and joyous one to all, and even though at times all may seem dark, let us remember that the sun is behind the clouds and at any moment may shine forth in all its splendor, brighter than before.

“Be still, sad heart! and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all.
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.”



We have indeed been very fortunate in the reading matter for our paper. We wish especially to thank Superintendent Townsend for his “Five Minute Talks” that have been both entertaining and instructive, Prof. Donecker for his interesting articles on “Antiquities of Licking County,” Miss Moore and Miss Wotring for their contributions on “Interpretative Reading” and “Talks on Books,” Ralph B. Miller for the wit and wisdom of “H. E. Thinx,” and all our numerous other contributors for the many excellent articles so willingly given. We appreciate the efforts that have been made, for we know how very easy it is to talk about writing this or that, but when it comes to doing it—well, that is a horse of another

color. The contributions have come not only from the pens of the Seniors but from Juniors and Sophomores. We are very proud of the talent displayed and feel confident that some day we shall see their names in connection with larger and more influential magazines than The Hetuck.



We extend our thanks to the public who have so kindly aided us in many ways. Without advertisements no paper can flourish—thus we really owe the financial success of our magazine to the business men of the city. We certainly appreciate their help and extend to them all our very best wishes for success and prosperity. We wish also to thank our subscribers, of whom there are not a few, for their kindly aid and the promptness with which their subscriptions have been paid.

CLASS SONG OF 1901.

A company of happy schoolmates we
Meet here tonight to say a fond farewell;
Together we have trodden school life's path,
Our future lot in life we can't foretell.

Farewell, Alas! how sad to all this word,
The sorrow it e'er brings to every heart,
The tenderest feelings in each breast are stirred,
As comes to mind the thought we now must part.

A kind farewell to teachers we would say,
A kind farewell to school friends left behind;
Our hope is that a tender thought will stray,
And we, though distant, oft you'll call to mind.

Farewell, to all, farewell again we say,
Farewell farewell our schooldays' merry fun
Greeting our serious life begun today,
As passes out the class of Nineteen One.

The words were written by Cora Duncan and set to music by Logan Frye, both of the Senior class. Seldom, if ever before has the music been composed by a member of the class.



FIVE MINUTE TALKS—IX

F. MARTIN TOWNSEND

This is the time of the year for graduations of all kinds, so let our talk be a little series of comments on that theme. Perhaps we shall read the usual witless chatter on the subject by the tiresome humorists of the funny papers, but they are not worth consideration, as they are the envious slings of fellows of the baser sort, who have never known the peculiar trials and triumphs of the graduates themselves, nor sat beneath an evergreen motto, "Onward and Upward," or "Per Aspera ad Astra." Some times this process of graduation is called "commencement," especially at colleges, but without any valid reason that I have ever discovered, despite some fanciful theories as to the significance of the term. The pursuit of a high school or a college course for four years is a serious experience at best, and the few that stick to it are entitled to a good measure of public praise and rejoicing at the close. I like to see them make the most of it, and certainly they are entitled to some new clothes for the occasion. If they choose to appear in academic gowns and caps, so much the better; it is in keeping with the scholastic traditions.

The annual ceremonies of graduation are useful also in impressing on the community the work and value of the high school, and the occasion is almost the only one when the people generally assemble to see the results of the institution. To the families of the graduates it means much as a realization of cherished hopes, though there is an under note of sadness in the thought that the school days are over and that henceforth their boys and girls must put on the armor of the larger life and go forth to face the uncertainties of the world, apart from the tender, sacrificing care of the childhood home. No wonder some eyes are filled with tears, and some throats are choked. Like emotions master the strong hearts of thoughtful parents when their sons and daughters receive the rites that bind them more closely to religion, or set them apart in marriage. Graduation is a kind of sacrament.

These graduates will soon forget a large part of the information they gained from books. Such

knowledge is incidental to the acquirement of their education, but must not be mistaken for the education itself. That is a training, the benefits of which abide. In the long run, the inspiration gained from the teachers will more than likely be found the enduring quality. It is the spirit that quickeneth, rather than the letter. We older graduates look back with love and thankfulness on the good teachers we had, whom once we were disposed to regard as taskmasters. We thank them now for their insistence on our doing our duties in school and yielding obedience to the discipline. We shudder to think of what might have been the lasting injury to ourselves had we been suffered to follow our own self will in all things. Time softens the irritations of school days. By and by, we awaken to a proper appreciation of our former teachers; we realize the pains they took with us, and come to know something of the solicitude they felt for us. We grow heartily ashamed, too, of the scant returns we made for all their efforts, and wish we might make amends for our oft trying of their patience. Once in awhile some of us perhaps go back to the old home where we graduated, and call on those instructors, and shake their hands affectionately, and tell them we are sorry for the pranks we played, or the mean things we said, in those old days. Less frequently, we think to gladden their advancing years with some kind remembrance at Christmas-tide. We never know of the anxieties we caused them, the furtive tears they could not restrain in the solitude of their homes, the sleepless nights we made them face, the heartaches they suffered.

How many of the graduates are going to be a success in life? The final roll call will disclose some day. It will not necessarily depend on riches, or high station, or worldly power. Those that do their best, harm no one wilfully, keep their self-respect, love the truth, maintain justice, esteem honor, promote virtue, exalt education, cherish patriotism, defend the safe-guards of society, and find content in helping to make home happy for their parents and kindred, will achieve the only true success that life can present.

—F. MARTIN TOWNSEND.



Money—Its Use and Abuse



..If I were to ask how many know what money is or for a definition of money, there are more who would not answer than would, and yet, it is something we meet with every day in our life, thus showing how natural it is for man to leave the most common and oftne the most important things of life go by unheeded to reach out and grasp for that which is beyond his reach.

A common definition for money is. Any material that by agreement serves as a common medium of exchange and measure of value in trade.

The primitive people used to have things of intrinsic value to serve for money, such as beads, pieces of copper wire, shell, etc.

The value of money is not in the money itself, but in that which it represents, that is, it may represent the value of a cow or horse, or it may represent a man's board for a week.

Of course, people can get along without money to a certain extent, but when it comes to the business life of a man then it becomes necessary to have some medium by which we carry on trade, and for this medium we have what we call money.

How a man makes money, uses it, saves it, and spends it are perhaps the best tests of practical wisdom.

Although money ought not to be looked upon as the most important thing in life, or the chief end of man's life, yet it is no trifling matter, and should not be held in philosophic contempt, representing as it does to so large an extent the means of physical comfort and social well being.

Some of the finest and highest qualities of human nature are related to the right use of money, such as Generosity, Honesty, Justice and Self-sacrifice.

Comfort in worldly circumstances is a condition which every man is justified in striving to attain by all honorable means.

It secures that physical satisfaction which is necessary for the development and culture of the better part of his nature.

The very effort required to be made to succeed in life with this object in view, is in itself an education,

stimulating a man's self-respect and bringing out his better qualities.

And then the very fact that the respect which our fellow men entertain for us, depends in a large degree upon the way in which we succeed in life should make us put forth our best efforts to gain that desired position.

One would think that the class of men who work the hardest would value the money they make the most. Yet the readiness with which they spend it for the unnecessaries of life as they go, often renders them to a great extent helpless and dependente upon those who have been more saving.

There are large numbers of persons who make enough to enjoy sufficient means of comfort and independence who are found to be barely one day ahead of time, while they should save a part of it for some ill luck that would throw the head of the family out of employment and in this way subject the whole family to want. And not only this but when a man has a nice little sum laid up he feels more independent and has more energy in him than if he has his head just above water, or is sinking in debt.

The world is divided into two classes—those who have saved and those who have spent.

There is no reason why the average working man should not be useful, honorable, respectable and happy.

All kinds of labor are honorable.

That there should be a class of men in every state who live by their daily toil is an ordinance of God, and is no doubt a wise and righteous one; but that this class should be other than happy, intelligent, contented and frugal, springs solely from the weakness, and self-indulgence of man himself.

To secure independence, the practice of simple economy is all that is needed. The practicing of economy does not require superior courage nor eminent virtue; economy means only the spirit of order applied in the administration of domestic affairs. The spirit of economy was expressed by our Divine Master in the words. "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing may be lost."

Every man ought to live within his means. The practice is the very best essence of honesty, for if a man doesn't live within his means he must needs be living on some one else, and often he is doing it dishonestly.

Those who are careless about the spending of money for their own gratification without regard for any one else, often find out the proper use of money too late.

Orderly men of moderate means always have money in their pockets to help some one else, while on the other hand those who spend their money carelessly and draw bills upon the future in anticipation of what their labor is going to bring them, almost always come out losers.

There is a proverb that says an empty bag cannot stand upright, neither can a man who is in debt.

It is very difficult for a man who is debt to be truthful and honest; he must needs make excuses for the postponing of the payment of that which he justly owes and he often has to make an excuse, which is any thing but truthful, hence we hear the old saying, that "lying rides on debt's back."

Many are the men who can trace their decline to the first sum of money they borrowed.

The one great trouble is that when a man once borrows money, it isn't long until he wants to borrow again and thus debt follows debt, until a man is so entangled that no late exertion can get him out. Hence for these and various other reasons I would say never go in debt; no matter if you have but little—contrive in some way to spend less than you have.

There is an ambition abroad to bring up boys as gentlemen or genteel, but the result is frequently to make them gents. They acquire a taste for luxury, style and amusement, and the result is that we have thrown upon the world a large amount of gingerbread gentry, who remind one of just the hull of a ship that is often picked up at sea with only a stray rat or cat aboard.

Many people try to keep up appearances, too often at the expense of honesty. They have not courage enough to go on in life in the condition which it has pleased God to call them, but must needs live in some fashionable state in order to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which they are a part.

The number of people who try to dazzle others by apparent worldly success hardly needs to be mentioned. What misery, bankruptcy, etc., come from this! But one of these is the rank frauds that are committed by men who dare to be dishonest rather than be poor.

The young man in passing through life goes through a long line of tempters who are all around him and tempt him in not a few ways. The only way to keep out of these temptations is to say "No" and say it as though you mean it and stick to what you have said.

Shame on the young man who has not will power

enough about him to resist the temptations that others place before him. Yield, and you will yield again, and you will yield a great deal easier the second time than you did the first, but if you resist and say "No" and stick to it you will grow stronger, and after a while these temptations will grow less and become so that you hardly notice them.

To make a fortune may no doubt help some people to "enter society," as it is called, but to be esteemed there they must possess qualities of mind or heart or they are rich people; nothing more.

There are many people in society today who have large amounts of money and yet have no consideration extended toward them and receive no respect, and what is the reason? They are only as "money bags" their power is all in the wealth which they possess.

The leading men of the world are not always the rich men, but the men that possess sterling character, experience and moral excellence.

Even the poor man though he possess but little of this world's goods, may in the enjoyment of a cultivated nature of opportunities used and not abused, ties, look down without the slightest feeling of envy upon the person of mere worldly success who possesses large sums of money and vast tracts of land, coupled with vast shallowness of soul and abysmal emptiness of culture. —O. J. A., '01.

FINAL EXAMINATION.

* * * *

Ques.—Where is the center of population?

Ans.—At Roe Emerson's, Corner of Third and West Main streets.

Ques.—Which way does the wind blow?

Ans.—You can tell by the STRAWS at Roe Emerson's.

Ques.—Who is Governor of Clothingdom?

Ans.—Roe Emerson, elected years ago and filling the position yet.

Ques.—On what road would Newark be located if all the men and boys would buy their Clothing and Furnishings of Roe Emerson?

Ans.—On the Road to Fortune.

Ques.—Where will a total eclipse take place.

Ans.—At Roe Emerson's. His Clothing will eclipse every other in the country.

TRADE WITH
ROE EMERSON.



THE HERMIT



No doubt a great many perhaps the greater part of my "gentle readers" have known or heard of the mysterious person, whom the East End boys were pleased to call "Crazy Joe" but who, although very eccentric, was far from being insane. For the benefit of those who knew him, I will endeavor to relate a few things concerning his life and mode of living, hoping at the same time to interest others as well.

Joe was a large man, about six feet in height and of strong stature. His hair and beard which were really gray were browned with smoke, while his broad brimmed hat and garments of the most rustic character gave him a personality entirely his own. Little is known concerning his boyhood. As a young man he made his appearance in the vicinity where he lived his desolate hermit life.

Of course there was a woman in the case, and Joe pierced by Cupid's polished dart, had become enamored of a young lady who cared little or nothing at all for him. But Joe, persistent in his suit, finally won over the girl's father, and much against her will they were married.

As might have been expected, little happiness was found in such a union, for Joe's disposition was naturally a jealous one, and after their marriage quarrels soon followed, and then came separation.

The wound was deep, and poor Joe determined to live apart from the world. By dint of hard labor he purchased a farm containing forty acres of land. On this he erected a hut which was about ten feet square, and was built of logs locked at the corners and filled in with mud. There were no windows to this hut and Joe gained entrance through a door which was about four feet in height and swung upon strong hinges. He fastened this door on the outside with a heavy chain and padlock, and when he was within it was fastened by numerous props, one of which reached from the door to the opposite side of the hut.

He had for furniture a stove, a bench, a barrel, an old chest, and a rude bed which consisted of an old tick filled with dried grass placed upon poles layed side by side and supported at both ends by pieces, one end of which fitted in holes bored in the wall.

The roof was sloping and covered with boards laid one above the other to the thickness of about eighteen inches. The hut had no chimney, but the stove pipe came out through a hole in the roof. Of course with so little draft the stove smoked terribly, and one of the tricks of bad boys was to cover the pipe and then hide and see Joe smoked out.

Around this rude hut were a few fruit trees, one of which he told us would last him a million years, from which we concluded he expected to live always. Back of these fruit trees were briars and brambles, making it almost impossible to get to his hut except by the patch he himself used. The berries from these briars were Joe's main means of sustenance. Every morning at sunrise would find him trudging in his bare feet along the road towards Newark, with his basket filled with berries or pawpaws to sell.

We boys were wont, on an occasional idle day, to pay Joe a visit. We would entertain him by asking questions, wrestling, or racing, and he would amuse us by singing, dancing, or telling stories, which were generally drawn from his imagination, having for their subject some of the wild beasts, large snakes, or even Indians, which he had seen about his lonely hut.

In some of his habits Joe resembled a savage more than a civilized person. He carried a heavy cane on which he always cut a notch when he killed a snake, and you may know he would kill a great many, sometimes as many as fifty during one summer, in so wild a region.

Also the way in which he cooked his food was bordering on the barbarous. His bread, if bread it can be called, was made by mixing flour with water, putting the mixture in a skillet and baking on top of the stove. I one time saw him eating his dinner which consisted of a chunk of this bread, a slice of fried pork, and a few cold potatoes boiled with the "jack-ets" on.

In the summer before and after the berry season, he would sometimes help with the harvest on some of the neighboring farms, and as an example both of his table etiquette and of his inclination to work, would always leave the table with his hands full,

which he would eat on his way to the harvest field.

Joe never owned a watch or clock, but could tell the time to within a few minutes by noticing the situation of the sun. He always retired about sunset and was up in time to see the first gray streaks of the morning light. He was always in the best of health and up to the time of his death was never known to be sick. About three years ago in the dead of winter he was found by some neighbors hovering over a scanty fire and nearly frozen. He was taken to the county infirmary, where he chafed like a caged bird against the necessary restraints placed upon him. But poor Joe was soon freed from a life so distasteful to him, for the food, compared to his own coarse food, proved too rich, and he soon died of dyspepsia. His land was sold to pay the taxes, which he had neglected; his old hut was torn down; the floor, which was of bare earth, dug up by some who hoped to find a buried treasure; and although he owned enough land to have buried him with more than average decency, his body now rests in a pauper's grave.

So lived and died poor old Joe Martin, better known as "Crazy Joe."
—A. S. W., '02.



R. W. SMITH

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HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1901.

The last days of our Senior year. How sad these words! For the past twelve or thirteen years, we, the class of nineteen hundred one, have spent much time together. All along our school life and especially near examination times, we have longed for the day when we would stand upon the stage of action and receive that bit of parchment which means we have won the race and are thro'.

Have our school days been happy ones? Yes, indeed! Of course we have had our cares and our sorrows, but what life is without them?

No doubt we have caused our teachers much worry and vexation, but we hope they have forgiven our mistakes and will only remember the good in us.

The members of our class are jolly people, and believe in enjoying themselves. Our good times began in the Junior year, when our poet, Roy Harts-horn, invited us out to his country home for a water-melon feast. We had a splendid time—went out in a big hay wagon, and when we reached the place it looked almost as if Santa Claus had been there and lighted it up for us.

Then we have our teachers to thank for helping us to enjoy our school days, for the trip to the mines at Conesville, the one to Columbus to visit the Legislature and several others to various places of interest.

But then we have not been here merely for pleasure—ah no!—but to get out of our books all that was in them. The two laboratories have aided us not a little in pursuing the sciences; and the zoology and chemistry classes will not soon forget their many dissections and experiments.

The literary societies have been a great help, for although no member of the class has become a Caesar or a Demosthenes, yet we all feel more self-reliance in speaking before an audience of two hundred or more. The school is divided into two societies and of course the Seniors think the one presided over by the president and secretary of their own class is the better.

We leave to the succeeding classes something that no other class has ever left—The Hetuck. It needs no comment, for all, we hope, have read and enjoyed it.

We would like to give a little history of each member of our class, for each has one, but time will not permit. Suffice it to say that at our class meetings, which have been many, ample opportunity has been given for the expression of individual thought and opinion; but we are thankful to say that everything has been settled with decency and order, and we now await the day when our beautiful "Temple of Learning" will know us no more. We say again it is with regret that the class of nineteen hundred one passes out from the Newark High School. —O. N., '01



This is the month for special issues and The Hetuck has determined not to be behind in the race, so we have endeavored to turn out a June issue that will compare favorably with our contemporaries.

The Radiator takes the lead, so far, of our exchanges. Its design for the cover and cut for Public Occurrences are great. If its general excellence extended also to its exchange column it would be a needed improvement.

Argus, Richmond, Ind., contains several breezy, well written stories. Judging from "When Wars Wage," the author is a close student of nature.

No; Argus, we did not forget you. We have mailed the Hetuck to you regularly. Get after your postmaster.

X Ray, West Bay City, Mich., came to us last month. It is a neat and prettily arranged paper.

The High School Monthly, Bay City, Mich., contains some good editorials. The one on Oratoricals will apply to any school.

Red and Black, for May, is as breezy as ever. Its personal columns is second only to that of the Cincinnati Enquirer. They also run in an anecdote of a witness and a lawyer which appeared in a leading magazine back in the sixties. However, they have credited it duly to another work, and it was good enough to repeat.

Orange and Black, Spokane, Wash., come to us this month. It is welcome. A neat and exceedingly well edited magazine. "An Affair of Honor" deserves especial mention.

The High School Recorder, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for May contains quite a love story, the main moral of which seems to be that a girl usually has a string on a wager—a sort of "heads I win and tails you lose" affair.

After many weeks The Jabberwock has finally reached us. We had begun to think it was not going to include us. Better late than never. A well written sketch, L'Aiglon, is deserving of special notice, as is also the sketch of the poet Virgil.

The Optimist, Kankakee, Ill., as usual is good. The staff artist got in his work at the expense of the "Freshie."

But say! Optimist, are not prophecies a little stale?

The Drury Academic contains a prize story which is good, but hardly original in that the same idea has been worked out many times, but it is well written and doubtless deserved the prize.

We notice that Old Gold and Purple has in its April issue some Boarding House Geometry, which we issued some time ago.

The same number contains an excellent article on "Why Some Students Fail."

The Purple Advocate for May contains rather less reading matter than usual.

A fairly good story will be found in the opening pages.

High School News, St. Louis, for April was rather late getting around.

Three fine cuts are given as the prize work of the Camera Club.

It contains also an instructive article on Old Quebec.

The Student from Weeping Water, Neb., comes out in May, looking fresh and green as a healthy onion top. A neat paper, and well edited, especially the editorials.

The Congress, Olean, N. Y., for May, contains an interesting article on Princeton. Two good electrotypes adorn its interior. We are glad to add it to our regular list.

Orange and Black, Spokane, Wash., is one of the first exchanges for June. A good story, "For Their Colors," holds the opening pages. A good sketch of Goethe is among the other items of interest.

The Acadamey Graduate, Newburgh, N. Y., contains an article on The High School Pyper, which should be passed along. There is much food for thought in it.

LOCALS

The chemistry class had no written examination, but did work in analysis.



The work of the Seniors was completed by June 1, giving them time to prepare for commencement.



The boys of the Sophomore commercial department have been sporting caps of the high school colors, red and white, with the figures '03 upon them.



After the examination in Civics the Seniors had readings on Asia.



The examination in Zoology was given the Seniors May 31st. Those above ninety in both department and class standing were excused.



E. F. COLLINS

Optician and Jeweler. Y. M. C. A. Building.



Rev. Boyce and Superintendent Townsend addressed the high school students Wednesday, May 29, with reference to Memorial Day.



The Junior lawn fete proved a great success even though it was necessary to serve within the building on account of the inclemency of the weather. The corridor where ice cream and cake were served, was decorated with Japanese lanterns and the class colors, black and gold. In a corner was the candy booth, presided over by Misses Moore and Stewart. It is estimated that between fifty and sixty dollars was cleared.



The first annual alumni dinner of the class of 1900 will be at the home of Miss Grace Gorby Tuesday, June 10th at 7:30 p. m.



We did not think it necessary to put many "roasts" in this number as there were enough of them class day.

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JOHN J. CARROLL.

H. E. THINK

SCRIBLETS.

A man's best thoughts are usually those he never thinks. He only feels the shadow of their reality—as for utterance, it is impossible.

Many men wear cotton coats and all wool underclothes.

Nine times out of ten the man who is ever complaining because the "other fellow" has good opportunities has himself the better chances, but is too busy talking to take advantage of them.

The person who is sure of his character doesn't need to bolster up his reputation. It's the man who knows his littleness who is ever prating of his own good.

A thousand pickets might make a long fence, but there'd be more holes than pickets. You may think of a lot of good things, but it's the ones you do that count.

He who knows most tells the least.

Few people know the difference between liberty and license.

Life is a ship in which others stroke the boilers while we watch the rudder.

A match, as such, has little intrinsic value. It may lie forever in a box—valueless. Only when it is used, when it kindles into flame—gives up its own existence in fire does it become of value.

So with men.

A man of latent worth may live and die, securely, safely, wholly to himself—and be worth about as much as the unlit match. But to him who gives up his own existence, burns it out in the work of his fellows, the world bows down in homage—not only now, but in all time to come, for the light he kindles will grow and brighter burn as wax and wane the struggling years, and will be forever a star of hope and inspiration to the ages yet unborn.

No man has yet reached the summit. There are heights to be climbed, successes to be gained, works to be done, of which man today does not dream, but the solution of which the man of the near future will have to face. What today with us is counted great success will in that time appear small and insignificant.

All day it had rained; now a raging downpour, now a pitter-patter, now a windy gust of violence.

It was during a brief respite in the evening that I started forth for a walk, altho it seemed that at any moment the storm would break again in all its fury. But looking toward the western heavens I see—and now it broadens, deepens—a break in the darkness, where on the abysmal rolling side of a cloud bank flickers the light from the departed sun. And then looking straight ahead, between the house-roofs and the tree-tops, I see—not reflected—but the real

sunlight, winding as a golden band across the distant horizon.

Ever and anon I stumble into a pool of muddy water; above me the leaves still drip with the rain, the black clouds hang low, but looking to the west I know that the morrow will seem the brighter for the darkness of today.

Life is a great highway along which throng countless multitudes. It is lined on either side with great dark forests, greenish, sickening swamps, with here and there a spot where, in a break of these the sun beats down upon a parched and oasisless desert.

In the mad race of Life it is seldom that one of the travelers stops even to glance into this wild and unknown waste. But now and then some daring dreamer stops in the mad onrush, and with eyes far-peering, tries to discover what secrets its darkness covers.

But woe to him. Fool; laggard; dreamer; imbecile; idiot; madman are but a few of the appellations he bears. A glance is often enough, but at long intervals there will be one who far more daring than the rest, has his curiosity but aroused by the outward view. He seeks the mysteries beyond, the truth within. And so while common "brainy" men plod on and call him fool, he leaves the beaten path, and plunging into the abysmal depths is lost from sight. But now and then above the roar of rushing millions, above the great world's din, arises sound of ax, as our adventurer hews his way. And working back and forth through woods and swamps primeval, he finds beneath the shadow beauteous gems of truth, and cuts a path of light. By this will come the stragglers from the path of Life, each aiding with his little ax the cutting of the way. And as they come the pathway grows, until at last it calls attention by its size, and men "conservative" will stop and gaze. And when 'tis said it's right and proper with a rush of madness all will fight to enter, and with their entrance all obstacles will be swept away, and it becomes the common road of Life.

So from a small beginning of some thinking man a path is made for all the common mass who know not what a thought is worth, or is.

* * * *

THE SAYINGS OF ELDER ELLERY.

A long face often covereth a short brain.

Some men talk to be heard; others to say something.

Smoke doesn't make heat nor does wind make wisdom.

Lots of men think so much about not doing wrong that they never have time to do good. Which also remindeth me to say that if you think continuously of doing good you'll have no room in your mind for wrong.

He who putteth a nickel in the contribution box always causeth more noise than he who giveth a dollar.

A long coat often hideth a patch on the trousers.

The man who getteth his religion through tremors usually loseth it with a second attack of them, and the devil sees to it that he getteth the second attack without great delay.

I don't believe that God is deaf, and I think that the man who offers up an earnest, heartfelt prayer in a calm, moderate voice has as much chance for heaven as the one who shouts and waves his arms and uses more lung power than any one man ought to possess. In fact, I'd rather take the former's chances.

* * *

"THE DREAMER."

"A good joke will always bear repeating"—which the same is true of many other things. In fact, anything that's good deserves repetition, and as our friend Caesar says of "Rumor", "It acquires strength by moving," so should we see that Truths are repeated with the emphasis which shall make them universal.

Each day little truths come to our attention, which, if remembered and treasured would make us better and nobler, but which in our carelessness we allow to slip away.

Emerson's writings are so powerful because they consist of these little inspirations—each one a sledge hammer of Truth. A fairly prolific writer could easily make ten volumes where Emerson has made one, but he would say no more, nor would he say it so well, nor with so much force.

If you will keep a pad and pencil by you when you're reading, and jot down little sentences that seem particularly forceful; if you'll carry your note book with you all the time and write down the thoughts that come to you almost unawares, and lay these aside, week after week, at the end of the year you will be surprised at your collection. You will have the best thoughts of whatever you have read, and if your reading matter has been well selected these will represent the world's best thinkers, and besides, you will have your own best thoughts. Here is where the surprise will come. As you look over your collection when it is several weeks old, I will venture that many of your "scribbles" will seem to you new thoughts; that you will have no recollection of ever having known them before, and you will almost doubt the correctness of your note book. As you read these thoughts—your best thoughts—it is bound to make you better. It matters not how good we may be, there are times when we feel discouraged, down-hearted—feel that there's so much more bad than good in us, that we're worthless; or, perhaps we know our own unworthiness—feel that it is not merely a temporary depression of mind, but that such is our habitual condition: take your note book

start at the first and read it through. And as you read it will show you that there is good in you; that while it may be latent at times, it is there, and knowing that, and feeling your strength, you will cast aside the dark cloud which is blackening your vision, and see shining on the other side the sun of everlasting hope and good, brighter for its temporary eclipse.

Football is a rather untimely topic just now, but I jotted down some notes after the last Thanksgiving game that may bear telling.

I looked at it this way. Foot ball is a peculiar thing. It is undoubtedly an effort toward barbarism, and yet I believe in it.

As we become more civilized we become more artificial. We work harder and rest less. There's a lot more in Theodore Roosevelt's strenuous life than most of us think.

Foot ball is strenuous—there's no denying that, but it's what I would call natural strenuousness. I don't think you will ever hear of a foot ball player dying with brain exhaustion or nervous trouble. Foot ball is a physical exertion in which the mind is the aid. It's a sort of reminder of the days when our dear ancestors—the cave men, wielded stone axes of several pounds weight upon the heads of other of our ancestors. Men didn't die of brain fever in those days. It was a case of a big body and plenty of physical exertion aided by a small amount of brain expenditure.

Today it's different. The man who gets up the ladder doesn't chin himself up by physical strength; he goes up with his head. He takes strength from every part of his body and concentrates it in his mind, and uses only that part of his body; and as a result his mind grows and gets strong, unless he forces it too fast—when it breaks. Taking away all the strength from the body usually makes it call a halt first, however.

To put it a little differently, the strenuous life is the continual rush of the body to keep up with the overtaxation of the mind, and the effort of the mind to keep up its pushing, cramming, crowding.

And so foot ball is a good thing. It's a question of strength and daring. It takes us from the war of brains to the battle of strength—not mere brute strength, but strength aided by an alert mind—and it's natural.

"....You can't believe all you hear....," some one in the room below me just said. I can't catch the answer, and lean back again in my chair.

No, you can't believe all you hear, but neither do you hear all that you believe. Some of your dearest and most cherished thoughts are those which you simply feel, which take no argument and which admit no argument. You know them, but they are unexpressible.

He who putteth a nickel in the contribution box always causeth more noise than he who giveth a dollar.

A long coat often hideth a patch on the trousers.

The man who getteth his religion through tremors usually loseth it with a second attack of them, and the devil sees to it that he getteth the second attack without great delay.

I don't believe that God is deaf, and I think that the man who offers up an earnest, heartfelt prayer in a calm, moderate voice has as much chance for heaven as the one who shouts and waves his arms and uses more lung power than any one man ought to possess. In fact, I'd rather take the former's chances.

* * *

"THE DREAMER."

"A good joke will always bear repeating"—which the same is true of many other things. In fact, anything that's good deserves repetition, and as our friend Caesar says of "Rumor", "It acquires strength by moving," so should we see that Truths are repeated with the emphasis which shall make them universal.

Each day little truths come to our attention, which, if remembered and treasured would make us better and nobler, but which in our carelessness we allow to slip away.

Emerson's writings are so powerful because they consist of these little inspirations—each one a sledge hammer of Truth. A fairly prolific writer could easily make ten volumes where Emerson has made one, but he would say no more, nor would he say it so well, nor with so much force.

If you will keep a pad and pencil by you when you're reading, and jot down little sentences that seem particularly forceful; if you'll carry your note book with you all the time and write down the thoughts that come to you almost unawares, and lay these aside, week after week, at the end of the year you will be surprised at your collection. You will have the best thoughts of whatever you have read, and if your reading matter has been well selected these will represent the world's best thinkers, and besides, you will have your own best thoughts. Here is where the surprise will come. As you look over your collection when it is several weeks old, I will venture that many of your "scribbles" will seem to you new thoughts; that you will have no recollection of ever having known them before, and you will almost doubt the correctness of your note book. As you read these thoughts—your best thoughts—it is bound to make you better. It matters not how good we may be, there are times when we feel discouraged, down-hearted—feel that there's so much more bad than good in us, that we're worthless; or, perhaps we know our own unworthiness—feel that it is not merely a temporary depression of mind, but that such is our habitual condition: take your note book

start at the first and read it through. And as you read it will show you that there is good in you; that while it may be latent at times, it is there, and knowing that, and feeling your strength, you will cast aside the dark cloud which is blackening your vision, and see shining on the other side the sun of everlasting hope and good, brighter for its temporary eclipse.

Football is a rather untimely topic just now, but I jotted down some notes after the last Thanksgiving game that may bear telling.

I looked at it this way. Foot ball is a peculiar thing. It is undoubtedly an effort toward barbarism, and yet I believe in it.

As we become more civilized we become more artificial. We work harder and rest less. There's a lot more in Theodore Roosevelt's strenuous life than most of us think.

Foot ball is strenuous—there's no denying that, but it's what I would call natural strenuousness. I don't think you will ever hear of a foot ball player dying with brain exhaustion or nervous trouble. Foot ball is a physical exertion in which the mind is the aid. It's a sort of reminder of the days when our dear ancestors—the cave men, wielded stone axes of several pounds weight upon the heads of other of our ancestors. Men didn't die of brain fever in those days. It was a case of a big body and plenty of physical exertion aided by a small amount of brain expenditure.

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